

## According to Budget

By Jane Osborn

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When Morton Blake, who had been married a year and was supremely happy in his snug little apartment with his blue-eyed little wife, seated himself in his favorite easy chair with a volume of his favorite author and his favorite pipe, preparatory to enjoying for the evening all the happiness of bachelor life rolled into one with the contentment of married life, there was blue-eyed Peggy on the other side of the table with a flat, oblong book that had a new look to it. Peggy opened it with care and pressed the covers back as one does with a book that has never been opened before.

It was the budget book. "Angelica has been here today," Peggy announced, "and she brought this—it's such a wonderful idea! Morton, did you ever hear of a budget? I never had, but Angelica explained what it means and here is the book. She has made a special study of house-keeping, you know."

"But what does Angelica know about making men happy in their homes?" queried Morton, who had not an altogether pleasant mental image of Peggy's tall, angular, many-degreed cousin, who seemed to be so fond of putting ideas into Peggy's head as Peggy was of sponging them up. "What does she know about real home making?"

"Oh, she knows a great deal," insisted Peggy. "And she says that the reason why so many people aren't happy is because the wives aren't business-like and don't apply the same methods to housekeeping that men do to their businesses. Angelica would make some man wonderfully happy."

"Did she tell you that, too?" asked Morton, puffing on his pipe viciously.

"Yes, only, of course, she is so busy telling other women how to make their homes happy that she doesn't have time. Well, she brought me this budget book and I am to put down in these little columns just what I spend each day—see, here's a place for bread and one for butter and another for meat and fish, and all the things we eat, and here's one for ice and one for help and carfare and light and things like that—Angelica says you call those last ones operating expenses. It is the first of the month, so I started right in. See, I bought some face powder at the drug store and I put that down under medicine, and the two dollars for the laundress—that goes under help. Every time you give me anything that goes in here under receipts. And every week I am to balance it both ways so I can tell at a glance just how much I am spending for every different sort of thing—and in the front of the book there is a table telling how much we ought to spend for things and if I'm spending too much for any one thing then we'll know it and can stop making that mistake. Angelica says she will help me balance and figure out the percentages—I never could do percentages."

"You don't mean that Angelica is going to keep tabs on our household expenses?" gasped Morton.

"Oh, you mustn't mind that. She helps lots of young married girls—she says she is helping them to make their husbands happy and contented. That is her life work. She started doing it only for the poor people in the settlement, but she has discovered that people comfortably off need help just as much. And so I started right away, but I can't finish till you tell me your part of it. Here's a place for 'man's lunch' and another for 'carfare,' that you must tell me, and every day you must tell me how much you have spent for magazines or papers—that goes under 'improvements,' and if you give something to a beggar you must tell me so I can put it down under 'Church and Charity.'"

"Every night I will ask you so you won't forget anything. Angelica has been helping one young couple and they haven't been a cent out of the way since they began. The husband remembers every tiny winty thing he spends and he is so happy just on account of it."

Morton snorted inwardly and had some rather sinister thoughts regarding Angelica and her missionary enterprise. "Is there a definite percentage for the amount of tobacco a husband can use?"

"Yes, indeed—but the book says that one of the things the young people ought to strive to do is to divert that money—those are the words the book uses—into other more worth-while channels, such as lecture courses, the purchase of an encyclopedia or a beautiful work of art. Don't you think Angelica is doing a wonderful work?"

"Yes, quite wonderful, not to say remarkable, phenomenal and epoch-making," said Morton, and Peggy was satisfied.

Every night for a month thereafter Morton was obliged to confess just how much he spent on luncheon, shoe-shine, beggars and tobacco, and even had to admit that he lost a dollar on a bet one day and gained two dollars the next, though Peggy hadn't any idea where to enter these items and finally decided on putting the dollar down un-

der "mortgage interest" because she hadn't anything else for that column, and calling the other simply "cash received."

Angelica had promised to help Peggy with the percentages and correct their budget at the end of the following month, and Morton was casting about in his mind for a way of defeating her in her purpose. One night early in the second month of their budget accounts he told his wife he had met an interesting old school friend of his who had a delightful mission in life. He was trying to help the men he knew to make their wives happy and he had worked out a system which as yet he had not had published. It was, said Morton, the theory of this man that the most worth-while thing in life was not money. Money was incidental. One's happiness did not depend on the amount of money one had so why take pains to conserve it? The things that counted were the words one spoke, the smiles and tears and sighs and laughter. It was as folk use these real things of life that they were either happy or unhappy. For instance, if a man laughs only when his wife hits her thumb with a hammer or when he sees a cat with a tin can on the end of its tail, he is pretty sure to make himself and his associates unhappy.

The woman who spends two hours every morning gossiping with a neighbor about another neighbor's divorce case is wasting her time and cheating her husband because a woman's words belong as much to her husband as a man's savings belong to his wife.

Peggy listened intently to the explanation, and seemed enthralled. So far, was she from suspecting Morton's scheme that she even suggested that Angelica would like to meet the stranger, and went off into a very pleasant brown study as she thought that possibly a match might be made between these two workers for humanity's happiness—and so there might, had the second philanthropist been a person of flesh and blood and not a creature of Morton's imagination. Morton gave his wife some type-written sheets containing items and a system of horizontal and perpendicular lines not unlike Angelica's budget book and he asked her to fill in the items from day to day. He would not let her forget, he said, but would go over the sheets every evening after he had finished telling her just how much he had spent.

One of the items of Morton's scheme was labeled "tears" and under this poor Peggy felt in duty bound—for Morton had accounted for his lunch money to a penny—to explain the cause for every tear she shed. The tears she spent over the frost-bitten geranium plant were in a measure excusable, for death even of a plant is a suitable cause of sorrow, but when she wept over the fact that she was not invited to a certain luncheon party she was in the wrong because the sorrow in that case was prompted by jealousy or personal pique.

Peggy had a hard time with the item marked "laughter" for it was Peggy's nature to laugh a little quite frequently and everytime she stopped to think that she was laughing and that she must remember to put it down in the list she was sobered so she stopped laughing. And it was hard sometimes to have to put down on that sheet for Morton's eyes that she had said "damn it" because the potatoes boiled dry; still there was an item for "profanity" and Morton had decided that "damn it" was as near to profanity as Peggy ever came.

One night—it was the night before Angelica's expected visit and Morton had been unusually severe with Peggy over the sheets, as indeed Peggy had been with Morton because he couldn't remember how much he tipped that day at luncheon—Peggy crumpled down over the sheets in tears. "We're not half so happy as we used to be—before we began to budget everything," she wailed. "I wish Angelica had never left the settlement and I wish your sour-hearted old friend—I know he is sour-hearted—was—in the bottom of the ocean. And I just hate to keep accounts, I do, and I don't want you to tell me how much you spend."

Morton took a warm little hand from under the tear stained face and then raised the face and kissed away the tears.

"Shake, Peggy," he said. "We don't need any one's prescription for happiness, do we? And we are through with budgets for keeps."

"Forever," echoed Peggy, and she meant it.

**Strained the Glass.**

The oldest inhabitant of Little Cockleton possessed a telescope he never used.

"Why don't you make use of it some times, James?" asked a neighbor.

"It used to be a good 'n," said James sorrowfully, "but it's broke now."

"Broken?" asked the neighbor. "Who did that?"

"Well," said James, "it was such a good 'n that I could see the old church steeple five miles away quite plain, but Joseph, the scoundrel, got the lend of it and tried to make out the steeple of the Methodist chapel more'n ten miles away. He tried and tried and couldn't, so that strained my glass, and it's never been right since. Drat Joseph!"

**Modest Chorus Girl.**

Chorus Girl—Understand, now, I want no publicity about my marriage to Harold Gottmunney.

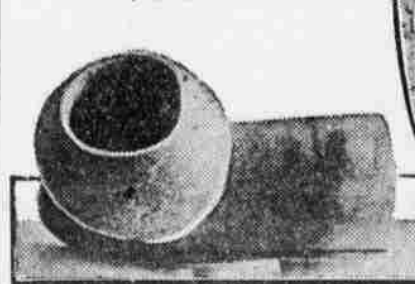
Reporter—Very well.

Chorus Girl—Just a modest photograph of myself in tights and a scant half-column in an inconspicuous place on the front page.—Puck.

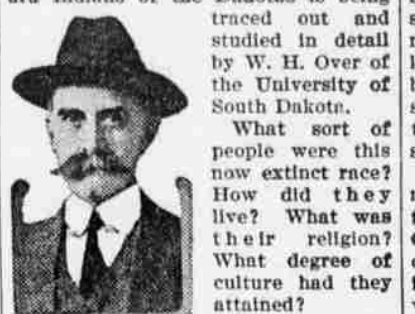
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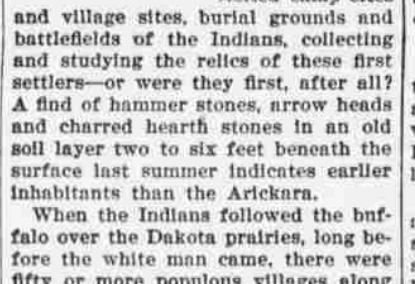
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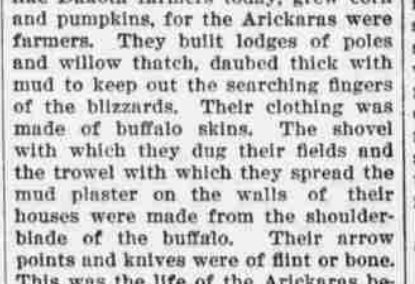
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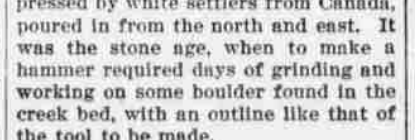
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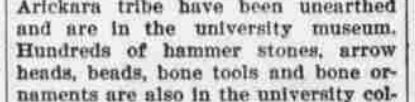
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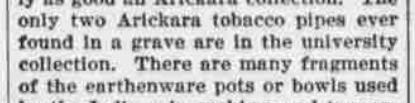
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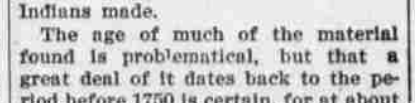
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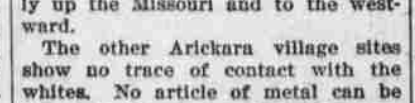
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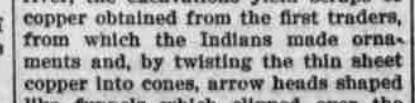
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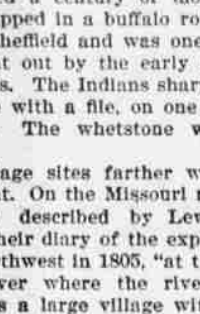
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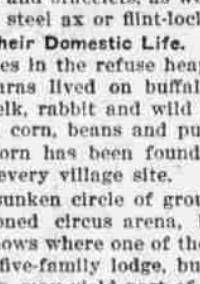
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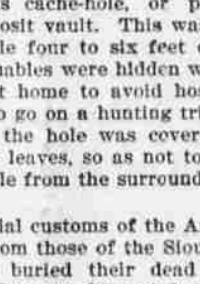
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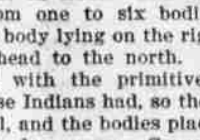
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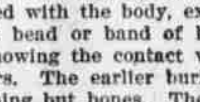
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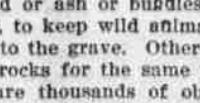
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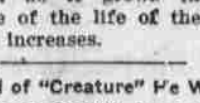
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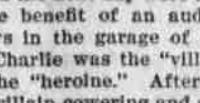
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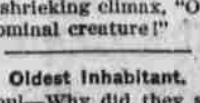
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By R. W. JONES.

Gradually the life of the Arickara Indians of the Dakotas is being traced out and studied in detail by W. H. Over of the University of South Dakota.

What sort of people were these now extinct race? How did they live? What was their religion? What degree of culture had they attained?

During a period of years Mr. Over visited camp sites and village sites, burial grounds and battlefields of the Indians, collecting and studying the relics of these first settlers—or were they first, after all?

A find of hammer stones, arrow heads and charred hearth stones in an old soil layer two to six feet beneath the surface last summer indicates earlier inhabitants than the Arickara.

When the Indians followed the buffalo over the Dakota prairies, long before the white man came, there were fifty or more populous villages along the Missouri river. The early tribes of Arickaras in the Missouri valley, like Dakota farmers today, grew corn and pumpkins, for the Arickaras were farmers. They built lodges of poles and willow thatch, daubed thick with mud to keep out the searching fingers of the blizzards. Their clothing was made of buffalo skins. The shovel with which they dug their fields and the trowel with which they spread the mud plaster on the walls of their houses were made from the shoulder-blade of the buffalo. Their arrow points and knives were of flint or bone.

This was the life of the Arickaras before the first white traders came, before the Sioux (or Dakotas) Indians pressed by white settlers from Canada, poured in from the north and east. It was the stone age, when to make a hammer required days of grinding and working on some boulder found in the creek bed, with an outline like that of the tool to be made.

**Fine Collection of Relics.**

More than sixty skeletons of the Arickara tribe have been unearthed and are in the university museum. Hundreds of hammer stones, arrow heads, beads, bone tools and bone ornaments are also in the university collection of the Arickara relics. Even the national government has not nearly as good an Arickara collection. The only two Arickara tobacco pipes ever found in a grave are in the university collection. There are many fragments of the earthenware pots or bowls used by the Indians in cooking, and two entirely undamaged bowls, which show the kind of pottery work the ancient Indians made.

The age of much of the material found is problematical, but that a great deal of it dates back to the period before 1750 is certain, for at about that time the Sioux or Dakota Indians began driving the Arickaras relentlessly up the Missouri and to the westward.

The other Arickara village sites show no trace of contact with the whites. No article of metal can be found in the most ancient locations. Farther west, and up the Missouri river, the excavations yield scraps of copper obtained from the first traders, from which the Indians made ornaments and, by twisting the thin sheet copper into cones, arrow heads shaped like funnels which slipped over the end of the shaft of the arrow. An occasional blue or red bead comes to light, or a brass ball, or bits of look-

ing-glass, or a knife. One old knife, found in a cache hole where it had been placed a century or more ago, safely wrapped in a buffalo robe, was made in Sheffield and was one of the knives sent out by the early Hudson bay traders. The Indians sharpened a steel knife with a file, on one side of the edge. The whetstone was too slow.

The village sites farther west are more recent. On the Missouri river, at the place described by Lewis and Clark in their diary of the exploration of the Northwest in 1805, "at the bend in the river where the river flows west," was a large village with more than one hundred lodges. In these more recent villages are found brass arm-bands and bracelets, as well as an occasional steel ax or flint-lock gun.

**Their Domestic Life.**

The bones in the refuse heaps show the Arickaras lived on buffalo, deer, antelope, elk, rabbit and wild fowl as well as on corn, beans and pumpkins. Parched corn has been found in the lodges at every village site.

Only a sunken circle of ground like an abandoned circus arena, but far smaller, shows where one of the lodges stood. A five-family lodge, built with half timbers, may yield part of a cedar post almost rotted away, despite the comparatively dry climate. Each family had its cache-hole, or primitive safety deposit vault. This was a jagged hole four to six feet deep, in which valuables were hidden when the family left home to avoid hostile Indians or to go on a hunting trip. The mouth of the hole was covered with sticks and leaves, so as not to be distinguishable from the surrounding surface.

The burial customs of the Arickaras differed from those of the Sioux. The Arickaras buried their dead in the ground, while the Sioux left the bodies of their dead, wrapped in skins, on scaffolds or in trees. The Arickaras buried from one to six bodies in a grave, the body lying on the right side, with the head to the north. Digging was hard with the primitive implements these Indians had, so the graves were small, and the bodies placed with the knees drawn up. Scarcely any grave contains anything but the skeleton. Little or no paraphernalia was ever buried with the body, except an occasional bead or band of brass or copper, showing the contact with the fur traders. The earlier burial sites yield nothing but bones. The graves were three to six feet deep, and above the upper skeleton were placed slabs of cottonwood or ash or bundles of willow twigs, to keep wild animals from digging into the grave. Other Indians used flat rocks for the same purpose.

There are thousands of objects in the university's collection of Arickara relics. The collection was begun in 1915, and as it grows the exact knowledge of the life of these early Dakotans increases.

**Kind of "Creature" He Was.**

Donald and Charlie, boys of eleven, had seen an old-time thrilling melodrama and the next day were repeating it for the benefit of an audience of small boys in the garage of Charlie's father. Charlie was the "villain" and Donald the "heroine." After Donald, with the villain cowering and shivering before him had denounced the other bitterly, he thrilled his small audience with the shrieking climax, "Out of my way, abdominal creature!"

**Oldest Inhabitant.**

Lost Soul—Why did they send that monkey down here?

Old Timer—Don't you know who that is? He's our ancestor.—Cartoons.

## BRETHREN OF THE SWORD

Home of Cult Was at Wenden, on the North Line of the German Offensive in Russia.

The National Geographic society issues the following war geography bulletin on Wenden, on the line of the German offensive in the direction of Petrograd:

The town of Wenden, one of the oldest in the province of Livonia, is situated a few miles by rail northeast of Riga. It is a picturesque place, built two miles from the left bank of the River Aa. The Aa flows in a south-westerly direction from this point through that part of Russia known as the Livonian Switzerland, not on account of the height of mountains—the highest hill is only 265 feet—but because of the charm of the landscape with its well-wooded slopes bordering the river valley.

The story of Wenden goes back seven centuries to the time when the Brethren of the Sword, recognized by Pope Innocent III in 1202, made this place their headquarters in the campaign inaugurated by them to disseminate Christianity among the heathen Livonians. A castle was built here in 1210, and though it is now scarcely more than a crumbling ruin, as it was never restored after the destructive fire of 1748, around it cluster many romantic and fascinating stories.

One of the most celebrated grand masters of the Brethren of the Sword was Walter von Plettenberg, who rose to power during the closing years of the fifteenth century and was finally recognized as a prince of the empire by the Emperor Charles V in 1527. Plettenberg also built the castle of Riga (1494-1515), which has fared better than the Wenden stronghold, for it is still used as the seat of the Russian authorities (or rather, was used up to the time of Riga's fall a few weeks ago).

The most tragic chapter in the history of Wenden was enacted in 1577 when the members of the garrison of the castle, besieged by the forces of the implacable Ivan the Terrible, blew themselves up rather than fall into the hands of the czar. The castle was soon repaired, however, and a short time thereafter was the residence of Patriarch Nidecki, appointed bishop of Wenden in 1583 by Stephen Bathory, king of Poland.

**His Price Was Low.**

While ashore in a port of one of the little island republics in the Caribbean a number of United States marines attended a bull fight that was graced by the presence of his excellency the president of the republic, says the Saturday Evening Post. The sea soldiers occupied a box near the presidential party and, to amuse themselves while waiting for the show to begin, threw pennies into a river that flowed by the arena and watched native boys dive for them. The word quickly passed that soldados Americans were pitching wealth into the muddy waters and soon hundreds of black shining faces were on the banks of the river just outside the bull ring. The marines enjoyed themselves hugely watching the little fellows dive, but finally ran out of pennies and were forced to raise the limit to quarters and half dollars. One marine, more reckless than the others, pitched a big silver dollar, while a score of black boys dived for it. He was just about to repeat the performance when an excited native seated near by plucked at his sleeve and whispered hoarsely: "Please don't do that, señor, you'll have the president diving."

**A Scarlet Rider.**

Lieut. Col. G. E. Sanders, D. S. O. of the Second Canadian Pioneer Battalion, holds a somewhat remarkable record in the Canadian forces. He is said to be the first Canadian officer who has ever been known to suggest that his command should be taken over by a younger man. In view of the splendid work which has been done by the Second Pioneer Battalion, the Canadian authorities have been rather hard to persuade on this point; but Colonel Sanders has, unfortunately, insisted that, while he may still be useful in other directions, pioneering is a young man's job. Colonel Sanders, who fought through the Boer war with distinction, was before that war in command of the Northwest Mounted Police at Calgary. Indeed, he returned to that command of famous "Mounties" after the war.

**South Africa Growing Sugar Cane.**

Sugar planting is making rapid strides in South Africa, and the last few years have seen acres upon acres put under cane, from Durban to practically the end of the new railway line in Zululand, terminating at Somkele. The coast of Natal and Zululand is eminently suitable for the growth of sugar cane, and many farmers have given up their up-country farms for the more profitable sugar growing along the coast belt. The climate is very warm in summer, but as the main work, the cutting and milling of the cane, takes place in winter, sugar growers are enabled to leave their farms for a cooler climate during the summer months.

**Uncle's Corn-Grinding Quern.**

An interesting relic of early Scotland was unearthed in Crumrod recently. A grave digger was preparing for a burial, when he dug up, at a depth of about five feet, the neat half of the upper stone of a primitive corn-grinding quern, measuring 18 inches in diameter, and showing half of the central hole. Search without success was made for the other fragments.

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP

### Truly Wonderful Work Done by the Red Cross

WASHINGTON.—In a great white marble building overlooking the Mall about Washington monument is the greatest unofficial war machine in the world—the American Red Cross headquarters. The business of the Red Cross is not to make war, and it should not properly be called a war machine; but it has made more preparations for alleviating the effects of war than any other organization in the world.

The Red Cross is not, as is popularly supposed, an organization of physicians and nurses. In fact, one can't even smell medical odors around the building. The Red Cross is an organization of trained business men and statesmen, who have been formed into a body to alleviate the war pangs. They have gone about their business in a businesslike manner. The Red Cross might be called a guide. Very little actual war relief work, such as bandage making, is done by the national organization. But this work is all directed from headquarters.

Not the least of the duties of the Red Cross have been the raising of finances. It will take millions and millions of publicly contributed money to keep the boys "over there" happy and comfortable. The Red Cross has established a great money-soliciting machine. Through this organization the moneys contributed are diverted in those channels where they will do the most good. Hard-headed business men, unswayed by sentiment, direct the finances of this organization.

As a war-making machine the Red Cross is negative, but it is the greatest after-remedy that any nation knows today.

### Fuel Administration's Help in Conducting War

MOST inoffensive and unwarlike is the war machine which supplies the energy that makes the war move on—the fuel administration. Housed in one of Washington's fashionable old residences in the most exclusive section of the city, from the outside the fuel administration appears entirely unwarlike.

Within there are no evidences of war, with the exception that there are always many people waiting to see the fuel administrator, Doctor Garfield, and to talk war with him.

Through the wheels of this machine, however, there is the daily grinding which is turning out the fuel which runs the factories, which in turn send out supplies, which again turn make the war go. If operations should suddenly cease in the unobtrusive residential war machine at fuel administration headquarters, it would not be long before the nation's war makers would have to stop their operations.

Dr. Harry A. Garfield, fuel administrator, erstwhile college professor, has built a war machine which would make a fine nesting place for the doves of peace. It is the most restful and peaceful of the many war-making establishments in Washington. The hustle and bustle of other departments and bureaus is absolutely lacking in the fuel administration.

Perhaps it is the peaceful atmosphere of Williams college that has been transferred to Washington with Doctor Garfield, but at any rate he has made a noiseless war engine.

The fuel administration is the baby member of the war family in Washington. As an organization it is also the smallest of the war organizations. Less than 100 people are employed by this important body, which supplies the fuel for the nation.

This is virtually a one-man war machine. Doctor Garfield has not been surrounded with a large staff of experts. He has three assistants, all experts in their own line. Outside of these men the fuel administration is operated by clerks who work at the direction of Doctor Garfield and his assistants. The clerical staff is not large. There is no publicity organization and the machine does not require large appropriation for its use.

It is generally understood, however, that the hand at the lever of this machine is the same hand that runs the biggest war machine of all, the White House hand.

### Proof That the National Capital Is Growing Up

WASHINGTON is "growing up." Whether we like it or not, and right before our own eyes, the national capital is changing. Like a beautiful child whom one day we call "little Mary," to find the next day that she has grown into woman's estate and does not care to be called "little" any more, thank you, so Washington has become a little bit bigger, a little bit different, almost before we realized it.

Most of us are not displeased. The city has a new beauty, an added attractiveness. There is a rush, a roar, a crowding and a jamming to which we are not accustomed. But we are taking to it like ducks that know they are in their own stream, and unless our stream is so swollen that we are washed away in the flood until we lose ourselves, we will remain pleased, no doubt. Nobody before ever saw so many strange dogs in Washington, for one thing. There was a great dane on F street the other afternoon as big as an ox, that took up the whole back seat of an automobile. I saw a Chinese chow with a coat like silk and eyes as bright as stars.

Those dogs came here with their masters, who came on the tide of war to the national capital.

I had a friend from Indiana with me the other day. He was one of these newcomers. He had admired the public buildings, looked at all the soldiers, walked both up and down in the monument, snorted from Arlington to Rock Creek park in an automobile at so much an hour, and done a few other things like that.

At last he stood on F street to watch the afternoon promenade. It was there he spoke from his heart. Hoosier praise can go no further. "Why, it's just like Terre Haute!" he said.

### Statue of Frederick the Great Becomes Eyesore

BEFORE long the statue of Frederick the Great, which the kaiser presented to the United States 13 years ago—unlucky 13—is going to be made to perform some sort of use in the war for democracy. Instead of gazing with haughty and autocratic air at United States army officers as they enter and depart from the Army War college.

The general public, and especially the part of the public that has to visit the War college, is getting mighty restive over the sight of the kaiser's great-grandfather, five times removed, as he stands the sole and only statue in front of the War college, within which American army officers are planning the downfall of his descendant. The father of Prussianism looks out defiantly from his pedestal over the broad sweep of the Potomac.

Several proposals are on foot in regard to the proper disposition to be made of this statue and the indications are that old Frederick the Great will have to come off his perch before long. Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma has suggested that the statue be thrown into the Potomac, which is near by, but this plan is not likely to prevail, as there is too much good bronze in the heroic figure to waste in these war times.

One suggestion which is advanced by many army officers is that the statue be sent back to Wilhelm, not in its present form, but that it be melted and made into cannon and that the cannon be sent over to shoot a little teeny into the kaiser's legions.

